Fidelia.

Written

By *G. W.* of Lincolnes Inne,

Gentleman.

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The Stationer to the Reader.

THis Epiſtle intituled Fidelia; was long ſince Imprinted to the vſe of the Author, who by the intreaty of ſome of his acquaintance was cõtent to beſtow it on ſuch as had voluntarily requeſted it in way of an Adventure. But haning diſperſed many, and remembring how farre it would bee from his diſpoſition to lay claime to proffered gratuities, he wholy repented himſelfe of what indeed he neuer well approoued of, and how iuſtly ſoeuer he might haue challenged, more then many would haue loſt, yet inſteed of being beholding is reſolued, rather to make thoſe that haue receiued any of his Bookes a little beholding to him, in freely forgiuing them their vnvrged promiſes; And forasmuch as hee perceiues that it hath delighted ſome, and is neuer likely to preiudice any, it hath pleaſed him that I ſhould publiſh it to my owne benefit, ſo long as I ſhall in the imprinting thereof carefully

To the Reader.

respect his credit, which as I neuer intend to faile of, on my part, so (hoping you that shall read it, will on your behalfes censure it with as little ill meaning to him as hee had malice towards you in the composing thereof) I commit it to your discretions; and wish I could as well present you with all hee hath beene Author of.

Yours,

GEORGE NORTON.

An Elegical Epistle of Fidelia to her vnconstant Friend.

THE ARGVMENT.

This Elegiacall Epistle, *being a fragment of some greater Poeme, discouers the modest affections of a discreet and constant woman, shadowed vnder the name of* Fidelia; *wherein you may perceiue the height of their Passions, so farre as they seeme to agree with reason, and keepe within such decent bounds as beseemeth their Sexe, but further it meddles not. The occasion seemes to proceed from some mutabilitie in her friend; whose obiections she here presupposing, cōfuteth, & in the person of him, iustly vpbraideth all that are subiect to the like change, or fickleneſſe in minde. Among the reſt some more weightie Arguments then are (perhaps) expected in such a subiect, are briefly, and yet somewhat seriously handled.*

OFt I heard tell, and now for truth I finde,
Once out of sight, and quickly out of minde.

And that it hath beene rightly ſaid of old,
Loue that's ſoon'ſt hot, is euer ſooneſt cold.
Or elſe my teares at this time had not ſtain'd
The ſpotleſſe paper, nor my lines complain'd.
I had not now beene forced to haue ſent
Theſe for the *Nuncio's* of my diſcontent;
Or thus exchanged, ſo vnhappily,
My ſongs of mirth, to write an Elegie.
But now I muſt; and ſince I muſt doe ſo,
Let me but craue thou wilt not flout my woe:
Nor entertaine my ſorrowes with a ſcoffe,
But at leaſt read them, er'e thou caſt them off.
And though thy heart's too hard to haue compaſſion,
If thou'l't not pitty, doe not blame my *Paſſion.*
For well thou know'ſt (alas that er'e 'twas knowne)
There was a time (although that time be gone)
I, that for this, ſcarce dare a beggar bee,
Preſum'd for more to haue commanded thee.
Yea the *Day* was (but ſee how things may change)
When thou and I haue not beene halfe ſo ſtrange;
But oft embraced with a gentle greeting,
And no worſe words then *Turtle-Doue*, or *Sweeting.*
Yea had thy meaning, and thoſe vowes of thine,
Prou'd but as faithfull, and as true as mine,
It ſtill had beene ſo: (for I doe not faine)
I ſhould reioyce it might be ſo againe.

But

And where is that man living ever knew
That falſe diſtruſt, could be with loue that's true?
Since the meere cauſe of that vnblam'd effect,
Such an opinion is, as hates ſuſpect.
And yet I will thee, and thy loue excuſe,
If thou wilt neither me, nor mine abuſe.
For Il'e ſuppoſe thy paſſion made thee proffer
That vnto me, thou to none elſe wouldſt offer.
And ſo, thinke thou; if I haue thee deni'd,
Whom I more lou'd then all men elſe beſide.
What hope haue they, ſuch fauours to obtaine,
That never halfe ſo much reſpect could gaine?
Such was my loue, that I did value thee
Aboue all things below eternitie.
Nothing on *Earth* vnto my heart was nearer,
No ioy ſo prized, nor no iewell dearer.
Nay; I do feare I did *Idolatrize*,
For which *Heauens* wrath inflicts theſe miſeries,
And makes the things which it for bleſſings ſent,
To be renewers of my diſcontent.
Where was there any of the *Naiades*,
The *Dryades*, or the *Hamadryades*?
Which of the *Britiſh* ſhires can yeeld againe,
A miſtreſſe of the Spring, or Wood, or Plaine?
Whoſe eie enioy'd more ſweet contents then mine,
Till I receiu'd my ouerthrow by thine?

Where's

Where's she did more delight in Springs and Rils?
Where's she that walk'd more Groues, or Downes, or
Or could by such faire artlesse prospects, more (Hils?
Adde by conceite, to her contentments store
Then I; whilst thou wert true, and with thy Graces,
Didst giue a pleasing presence to those places?
But now *What is*; *What was* hath ouerthrowne,
My Rose-deckt allies, now with Rue are strowne;
And from those flowers that honied vse to be,
I sucke nought now but iuyce to poyson me.
For eu'n as she, whose gentle spirit can rise,
To apprehend *Loues* noble mysteries,
Spying a precious *Iewell* richly set,
Shine in some corner of her *Cabinet*,
Taketh delight at first to gaze vpon
The pretty lustre of the sparkling stone,
And pleas'd in minde, by that doth seeme to see
How vertue shines through base obscuritie;
But prying neerer, seeing it doth proue
Some reliqne of her deere deceased *Loue*,
Which to her sad remembrance doth lay ope,
What she most sought, and sees most far from hope:
Fainting almost beneath her *Passions* weight,
And quite forgetfull of her first conceit;
Looking vpon't againe, from thence she borrowes
Sad melancholy thoughts to feed her sorrowes.

So

So I beholding *Natures* curious bowers,
Seel'd, strow'd and trim'd vp with leaues, hearbs, and flowers.
Walke pleased on a while, and do deuize
How on each obiect I may moralize,
But er'e I pace on many steps, I see
There stands a *Hawthorne* that was trim'd by thee:
Here thou didst once slip off the virgin-spraies,
To crowne me with a wreath of liuing Bayes.
On such a banke, I see how thou didst lye,
When viewing of a shady *Mulbery*,
The hard mishap thou didst to me discusse
Of loving *Thysbe*, and yong *Piramus*:
And oh (thinke I) how pleasing was it then,
Or would be yet, might he returne agen.
But if some neighbouring *Row* do draw me to
Those *Arbors*, where the shadowes seeme to wooe
The weary loue-sicke *Passenger*, to sit
And view the beauties *Nature* strowes on it:
How faire (think I) would this sweet place appeare,
If he I loue, were sporting with me here!
Nay, every seuerall obiect that I see,
Doth seuerally (me thinkes) remember thee.
But the delight I vs'd from it to gather,
I now exchange for cares, and seeke them rather.
But those whose dull and grosse affections can
Extend but onely to desire a *Man*,

Cannot

Cannot the depth of these rare *Passions* know:
For their imaginations flagge too low;
And cause their base *Conceits* do apprehend
Nothing but that whereto the flesh doth tend.
In *Loues* embraces they nere reach vnto
More of content then the bruite *Creatures* do.
Neither can any iudge of this, but such
Whose braver minds for braver thoughts do touch.
And having spirits of a nobler frame,
Feele the true heat of *Loues* vnquenched flame.
They may conceiue aright what smarting sting
To their *Remembrances* the place will bring,
Where they did once enioy, and then doe misse,
What to their soules most deere and precious is.
With me 'tis so; for those walkes that once seem'd
Pleasing, when I of thee was more esteem'd,
To me appeare most desolate and lonely,
And are the places now of torment onely.
Where I the highest of contents did borrow,
There I am paid it home with treble sorrow.
Vnto one place I doe remember well,
We walk't the eu'nings to heare *Philomell*:
And that seemes now to want the light is had:
The shadow of the *Grou's* more dull and sad,
As if it were a place but fit for Fowles
That screech ill lucke; as melancholy *Owles*,

Or

Or fatall *Rauens*, that ſeld' boding good,
Croke their blacke *Auguries* from ſome darke wood.
Then if from thence I halfe deſpairing go,
Another place beginnes another woe:
For thus vnto my thought it ſeemes to ſay,
Hither thou ſaw'ſt him riding once that way;
Thither to meete him thou didſt nimbly haſt thee,
Yon he alighted, and eu'n there embrac'd thee:
Which whilſt I ſighing wiſh to doe againe,
Another obiect brings another paine;
For paſſing by that *Greene*, which (could it ſpeake)
Would tell it ſaw vs runne at *Barly-breake*;
There I beheld, what on a thin rin'd tree
Thou had'ſt engrauen for the loue of mee;
When we two, all alone, in heate of day,
With chaſte embraces draue ſwift houres away:
Then I remember too, vnto my ſmart,
How loath we were, when time compel'd to part;
How cunningly thy *Paſſions* thou could'ſt faine,
In taking leaue, and comming backe againe:
So oft, vntill (as ſeeming to forget
We were departing) downe againe we ſet;
And freſhly in that ſweete diſcourſe went on,
Which now I almoſt faint to thinke vpon.
Viewing againe thoſe other Walkes, and Groues
That haue beene witneſſes of our chaſte loues;

When

Fidelia.

When I behold thoſe Trees whoſe tender skin
Hath that cut out, which ſtill cuts me within.
Or come: by chance, vnto that pretty Rill
Where thou wouldſt ſit, and teach the neighboring Hill
To anſwere in an Eccho vnto thoſe
Rare *Problems* which thou often didſt propoſe.
When I come there (thinke I) if theſe could take
That vſe of words and ſpeech which we partake,
They might vnfold a thouſand pleaſures then
Which I ſhall neuer liue to taſt agen:
And thereupon *Remembrance* doth ſo racke
My thoughts, with repreſenting what I lacke,
That in my minde thoſe Clerkes do argue well,
Which hold *Priuation* the great'ſt plague of hell.
For there's no torment gripes me halfe ſo bad,
As the *Remembrance* of thoſe ioyes I had.
Oh haſt thou quite forgot, when ſitting by
The bankes of *Thame*, beholding how the *Fry*
Play'd on the ſiluer waues? There where I firſt
Granted to make my *Fortune* thus accurſt;
There where thy too-too earneſt ſuite compel'd
My ouer-ſoone beleeuing heart to yeeld
One fauour firſt, which then another drew
To get another, till (alas) I rue
That day and houre, thinking I nere ſhould need
(As now) to grieue for doing ſuch a deed.

So

Fidelia.

So freely I my curteſies beſtow'd
That whoſe I was vnwarily I ſhow'd,
And to my heart ſuch paſſage made for thee,
Thou canſt not to this day remoued be,
And what breaſt could reſiſt it, having ſeene
How true thy loue had in appearance beene.
For I ſhall ner'e forget, when thou hadſt there
Laide open euery diſcontent and care,
Wherewith thou deeply ſeemd'ſt to me oppreſt,
When thou (as much as any could proteſt)
Had'ſt vow'd and ſworne, and yet perceiu'dſt no ſigne
Of pitty mouing in this breſt of mine:
Well Loue (ſaid'ſt thou) ſince neither ſigh nor vow,
Nor any ſeruice may preuaile me now:
Since neither the recitall of my ſmart,
Nor thoſe ſtrong *Paſſions* that aſſaile my heart,
Nor any thing may moue thee to beliefe
Of theſe my ſufferings, or to grant reliefe:
Since there's no comfort, nor deſert, that may
Get me ſo much as *Hope* of what I pray;
Sweete *Loue* farewell, farewell faire beauties light,
And euery pleaſing obiect of the ſight:
My poore deſpairing heart here biddeth you,
And all Content, for euermore adue.
Then eu'n as thou ſeemd'ſt ready to depart;
Reaching that hand, which after gaue my heart,

(And

(And thinking this ſad *Farewell* did proceed,
From a ſound breſt but truely mou'd indeed)
I ſtaied thy departing from me ſo,
Whilſt I ſtood mute with ſorrow, thou for ſhow.
And the meane while as I beheld thy looke,
My eye th'impreſſion of ſuch *Pitty* tooke,
That, with the ſtrength of *Paſſion* ouercome,
A deepe-fetch't ſigh my heart came breathing from:
Whereat thou (euer wiſely vſing this
To take aduantage when it offered is)
Renewd'ſt thy ſute to me, who did affoord
Conſent, in ſilence firſt, and then in word.
So for that yeelding thou maiſt thanke thy wit:
And yet when euer I remember it,
Truſt me, I muſe, and often, wondring, thinke
Thorough what craney, or what ſecret chinke
That *Loue* vnwares, ſo like a ſlye cloſe Elfe,
Did to my heart inſinuate it ſelfe.
Gallants I had, before thou cam'ſt to woo,
Could as much loue, and as well court me too;
And though they had not learned ſo the faſhion,
Of acting ſuch well-counterfeited *Paſſion*;
In wit, and perſon, they did equall thee,
And worthier ſeem'd, vnleſſe thou'lt faithfull bee.
Yet ſtill vnmou'd, vnconquer'd I remain'd,
No, not one thought of loue was entertain'd:

Nor

Nor could they brag of the leaſt fauour to them,
Saue what meere courteſie enioyn'd to do them.
Hard was my heart: But would't had harder bin,
And then, perhaps, I had not let thee in,
Thou *Tyrant*, that art ſo imperious there,
And onely tak'ſt delight to *Domineere*.
But held I out ſuch ſtrong, ſuch oft aſſailing,
And euer kept the honour of preuailing?
Was this poore breaſt from loues allurings free,
Cruell to all, and gentle vnto thee?
Did I vnlocke that ſtrong affections dore,
That neuer could be broken ope before,
Onely to thee? and at thy interceſſion
So freely giue vp all my hearts poſſeſſion?
That to my ſelfe I left not one poore veine,
Nor power, nor will to put thee from't againe?
Did I do this, and all on thy bare vow,
And wilt thou thus requite my kindneſſe now?
Oh that thou either hadſt not learn'd to faine,
Or I had power to caſt thee off againe!
How is it that thou art become ſo rude,
And euer-blinded by *Ingratitude*?
Swearſt thou ſo deeply that thou wouldſt perſeuer
That I might thus be caſt away for euer?
Well, then tis true that Louers periuries,
Among ſome men, are thought no iniuries:

And that ſhe, onely, hath leaſt cauſe of griefe,
Who of your words hath, ſmalſt or, no beliefe.
Had I the wooer bin, or fondly woon,
This had bin more tho, then thou couldſt haue don;
But neither being ſo, what Reaſon is
On thy ſide, that ſhould make thee offer this?
I know, had I beene falſe, or my faith faild,
Thou wouldſt at womens fickleneſſe haue raild:
And if in me it had an errour bin,
In thee ſhall the ſame fault be thought no ſin?
Rather I hold that which is bad in mee,
Will be a greater blemiſh vnto thee;
Becauſe by *Nature* thou art made more ſtrong,
And therefore abler to endure a wrong.
But tis our *Fortune*, you'l haue all the power,
Onely the *Care*, and *Burthen* muſt be our.
Nor can you be content a wrong to do,
Vnleſſe you lay the blame vpon vs too.
Oh that there were ſome gentle-minded *Poet*
That knew my heart, as well as now I know it;
And would endeare me to his loue ſo much,
To giue the world (though but) a ſlender touch
Of that ſad *Paſſion* which now clogs my heart,
And ſhew my truth, and thee how falſe thou art:
That all might know, what is beleeu'd by no man,
Ther's fickleneſſe in men, and faith in woman.

Thou

Thou ſawſt I firſt let *Pitty* in, then liking,
And laſtly that which was thy onely ſeeking;
And when I might haue ſcornd that loue of thine,
(As now vngently thou deſpiſeſt mine,)
Among the inmoſt Angles of my breſt,
To lodge it by my heart I thought it beſt:
Which thou haſt ſtolne too like a thankeleſſe Mate,
And left me nothing but a blacke ſelfe-hate.
What canſt thou ſay for this, to ſtand contending?
What colour haſt thou left for thy offending?
That wit, perhaps, hath ſome excuſe in ſtore,
Or an euaſion to eſcape a ſore.
But well I know, if thou excuſe this treaſon,
It muſt be by ſome greater thing then reaſon.
Are any of thoſe *Vertues* yet defac'd,
On which thy firſt affection ſeemed plac'd?
Hath any ſecret foe my true faith wronged,
To rob the bliſſe that to my heart belonged?
What then? ſhall I condemned be vnheard,
Before thou knoweſt how I may be clear'd?
Thou art acquainted with the times condition,
Know'ſt it is full of enuy, and ſuſpition,
So that the war'eſt in thought, word, and action,
Shall be moſt iniur'd by foule-mouth'd detraction;
And therefore thou, me-thinks, ſhold'ſt wiſely pauſe
Before thou credit rumors without cauſe.

But I haue gotten ſuch a confidence
In thy opinion, of my innocence:
It is not that, I know, with-holds thee now:
Sweet, tell me then; is it ſome ſacred vow?
Haſt thou reſolued, not to ioyne thy hand
With any one in *Hymens* holy band?
Thou ſhouldſt haue done it then, when thou wert free
Before thou hadſt bequeath'd thy ſelfe to mee.
What vow doſt deeme more pleaſing vnto *Heauen*,
Then what is by vnfaigned louers giuen?
If any be, yet ſure it frowneth at
Thoſe that are made for contradicting that.
But if thou wouldſt liue chaſtely all thy life,
That thou maiſt do, though we be man and wife:
Or if thou long'ſt a *Virgin*-death to die,
Why, if it be thy pleaſure, ſo do I.
Make me but thine, and I'le (contented) bee
A Virgin ſtill, yet liue and lie with thee.
Then let not thy inuenting braine aſſay
To mocke, and ſtill delude me euery way;
But call to minde, how thou haſt deepely ſworne
Nor to neglect, nor leaue me thus forlorne.
And if thou wilt not be to me as when
We firſt did loue, do but come ſee me then;
Vouchſafe that I may ſometime with thee walke,
Or ſit and looke on thee, or heare thee talke;

And

And I, that moſt content once aimed at,
Will thinke there is a world of bliſſe in that.
Doſt thou ſuppoſe that my *Deſires* denies
With thy Affections well to ſympathize?
Or ſuch peruerſneſſe haſt thou found in me,
May make our *Natures* diſagreeing be?
Thou know'ſt when thou didſt wake, I could not ſleep
And if thou wert but ſad, that I ſhould weep.
Yet euen when the teares my cheeke did ſtaine
If thou didſt ſmile, why I could ſmile againe:
I neuer did contrary thee in ought:
Nay, thou canſt tell, I oft haue ſpake thy thought.
Waking; the ſelfe-ſame courſe with thee I runne,
And ſleeping, oftentimes our dreames were one.
The Dyall needle, though it ſence doth want,
Still bends to the beloued *Adamant*,
Lift the one vp, the other vpward tends;
If this fall downe, that preſently deſcends:
Turne but about the ſtone, the ſteele turnes too;
Then ſtraight returnes, if but the other do;
And if it ſtay, with trembling keepes one place,
As if it panting, long'd for an imbrace.
So was't with me: for if thou merry wer't,
That mirth of thine, mou'd ioy within my heart:
I ſighed too, when thou didſt ſigh, or frowne;
When thou wer't ſick, thou haſt perceiu'd me ſworne;

And being ſad; haue oft, with forc'd delight,
Striu'd to giue thee content, beyond my might.
When thou wouldſt talk, then haue I talk'd with thee,
And ſilent beene, when thou wouldſt ſilent be.
If thou abrode didſt goe, with ioy I went;
If home thou lou'dſt, at home was my content:
Yea, what did to my *Nature* diſagree,
I could make pleaſing, cauſe it pleaſed thee.
But if't be either my weake Sexe, or youth,
Makes thee miſdoubt my vndiſtained truth,
Know this; as none till that vnhappy hower,
When I was firſt made thine, had euer power
To moue my heart, by vowes, or teares expence,
No more, I ſweare, could any *Creature* ſince.
No lookes but thine, though aim'd with *Paſſions* Art,
Could pierce ſo deepe to penetrate my hart.
No name but thine, was welcome to my eare,
No word did I ſo ſoone, ſo gladly heare:
Nor neuer could my eyes behold, or ſee,
What I was ſince delighted in, but thee.
And ſure, thou wouldſt beleeue it to be ſo,
If I could tell, or words might make thee know,
How many a wearie night my tumbled bed
Hath knowne me ſleepleſſe: what ſalt teares I'ue ſhed,
What ſcalding ſighes, the markes of ſoules oppreſt,
Haue hourely breathed from my carefull breſt:

Nor

Nor wouldst thou deem those waking sorrowes fain'd
If thou mightst see how sleeping I am pain'd.
For if sometimes I chance to take a slumber,
Vnwelcome dreames my broken rest doth cumber,
Which dreaming makes me start, startiug with feares
Wakes; and so waking I renew my cares:
Vntill my eyes ore tir'd with watch and weeping,
Drownd in their owne flouds, fall againe to sleeping.
Oh! that thou couldst but thinke, when last we parted,
How much I, grieuing for thy absence, smarted.
My very soule fell sicke, my heart to aking,
As if they had their last *Farewells* been taking;
Or fe red by some secret Diuination,
This thy revolt, and causelesse alteration.
Didst thou not feele how loth that hand of mine,
Was to let go the hold it had of thine?
And with what heauy, what vnwilling looke,
I leaue of thee, and then of comfort tooke?
I know thou didst; and though now thus thou doe,
I am deceiu'd, but then it grieu'd thee too.
Then, if I so with *Loues* fell passion vext
For thy departure onely was perplext,
When I had left to strengthen me some trust,
And hope, that thou wold'st ne're haue prou'd vniust:
What was my torture then and hard endurance,
When of thy falshood I receiu'd assurance.

Alas, my tongue, a while, with griefe was dumbe,
And a cold ſhuddering did my ioynts benumme,
Amazement ſeiz'd my thought, and ſo preuailed,
I found me ill, but knew not what I ayled;
Nor can I yet tell, ſince my ſuffering then
Was more then could be ſhowne by Poets pen;
Or well conceiu'd by any other hart
Then that which in ſuch care hath borne a part.
Oh me; how loath was I to haue beleeu'd
That to be true, for which ſo much I grieu'd?
How gladly would I haue perſwaded bin
There had bin no ſuch matter, no ſuch ſin.
I would haue had my heart thinke that (I knew
To be the very truth) not to be true.
Why may not this, thought I, ſome viſition be,
Some ſleeping dreame, or waking phantaſie
Begotten by ouer-blinded folly,
Or elſe engendred through my *Melancholy*?
But finding it ſo reall (thought I) then
Muſt I be caſt from all my hopes agen?
What are become of all thoſe fading bliſſes,
Which late my hope had, and now ſo much miſſes?
Where is that future fickle happineſſe
Which I ſo long expected to poſſeſſe?
And thought I too; where are his dying *Paſſions*,
His honied words, his bitter lamentations?

To

Fidelia.

To what end were his *Sonnets, Epigrams,*
His pretty *Poſies*, witty *Anagram?*
I could not thinke, all that might haue been fain'd,
Nor any faith I thought ſo firme bin ſtain'd:
Nay, I do ſure and confidently know,
It is not poſſible it ſhould be ſo;
If that rare Art and *Paſſion* was thine owne,
Which in my preſence thou haſt often ſhowne.
But ſince thy change, my much preſaging heart
Is halfe afrai'd, thou ſome Impoſtor wer't:
Or that thou didſt but (Player-like addreſt)
Act that which flow'd from ſome more gentle breſt,
Thy puft inuention, with worſe matter ſwolne,
Thoſe thy conceits from better wits hath ſtolne:
Or elſe I know it could not be, that thou
Shouldſt be ſo ouer-cold as thou art now;
Since thoſe, who haue that feelingly their owne,
Euer poſſeſſe more worth conceal'd, then knowne.
And if *Loue* euer any Mortals touch,
To make a braue impreſſion 'tis in ſuch,
Who ſworne loues Chaplaines will not violate
That, whereunto themſelues they conſecrate.
But oh you noble brood, on whom the world
The ſlighted burthen of neglect hath hurl'd,
(Becauſe your thoughts for higher obiects borne,
Their groueling humors and affections ſcorne)

Fidelia.

You whom the *Gods*, to heare your straines, wil follow,
Whilst you do court the sisters of *Apollo*.
You whom there's none thats worthy, can neglect,
Or any that vnworthy is, affect:
Do not let those that seeke to doe you shame,
Bewitch vs with those songs they cannot frame:
The noblest of our Sexe, and fairest too,
Doe euer loue and honour such as you.
Then wrong vs not so much to giue your *Passion*
To those that haue it but in imitation:
And in their dull breasts neuer feele the power
Of such deepe thoughts as sweetly moue in your.
As well as you, they vs thereby abuse,
For (many times) when we our *Louers* chuse,
Where we thinke *Nature* that rich *Iewell* sets
Which shines in you, we light on counterfets.
But see, see whither discontentment beares me,
And to what vncouth straines my *Passion* reares me:
Yet pardon me, I here againe repent,
If I haue erred through that discontent.
Be what thou wilt, be counterfeit or right,
Be constant, serious, or be vaine, or light,
My loue remaines inviolate the same,
Thou canst be nothing that can quench this flame,
But it will burne as long as thou hast breath
To keepe it kindled (if not after death)

Ne're

Fidelia.

Ne're was there one more true, then I to thee
And though my faith muſt now deſpiſed be,
Vnpriz'd, vnualued at the loweſt rate;
Yet this Ile tell thee, 'tis not all thy ſtate,
Nor all that better-ſeeming worth of thine,
Can buy thee ſuch another *Loue* as mine:
Liking it may, but oh there's as much oddes,
Twixt loue and that, as betweene men and Gods:
And 'tis a purchaſe not procur'd with treaſure,
As ſome fooles think, nor to be gain'd at pleaſure.
For were it ſo, and any could aſſure it,
What would not ſome men part with, to procure it?
But though thou weigh't not, as thou oughtſt to doe,
Thou knowſt I loue, and once didſt loue me too.
Then where's the cauſe of this diſlike in thee?
Suruey thy ſelfe, I hope there's none in me.
Yet looke on her from whom thou art eſtranged;
See, is my perſon, or my beauty changed?
Once thou didſt praiſe it, prethee view't agen,
And marke if't be not ſtill the ſame 'twas then:
No falſe *Vermilion* dye my cheeke diſtaines,
Tis the pure blood diſperſt through pores & vaines;
Which thou haſt oft ſeen through my forehead flush-
To ſhew no dawby colour hid my bluſhing: (ing,
Nor neuer ſhall: *Vertue*, I hope, will ſaue me,
Contented with that beauty *Nature* gaue me:

Or

Or if't ſeeme leſſe, for that griefes veile hath hid it,
Thou threw'ſt it on me, 'twas not I that did it,
And canſt againe reſtore, what may repaire
All that's decay'd, and make me far more faire:
Which if thou do, I'le be more wary than
To keep't for thee vnblemiſht, what I can;
And cauſe at beſt 'twill want much of perfection,
The reſt ſhall be ſupply'd with true affection.
But I do feare, it is ſome others riches,
Whoſe more aboundance that thy minde bewitches,
So that baſe obiect, that too generall aime,
Makes thee my leſſer *Fortune* to diſclaime.
Fye, canſt thou ſo degenerate in ſpirit,
As to prefer the meanes before the merit?
Although I cannot ſay it is in me,
Such worth ſometimes with pouerty may be
To equalize the match ſhe takes vpon her;
Tho th' other vaunt of *Birth*, *Wealth*, *Beauty*, *Honour*:
And many a one that did for greatneſſe wed,
Would gladly change it for a meaner bed.
Yet are my *Fortunes* knowne indifferent,
Not baſely meane, but ſuch as may content:
And though I yeeld the better to be thine,
I may be bold to ſay thus much, for mine;
That if thou couldſt of them and me eſteeme,
Neither thy ſtate, nor birth, would miſ-beſeeme:

Or

Or if it did; how can I help't (alas!)
Thou, not alone, before knew'ſt what it was.
But I (although not fearing ſo to ſpeed)
Did alſo diſinable't more then need,
And yet thou woo'dſt, and wooing didſt perſeuer,
As if thou hadſt intended *Loue* for euer:
Yea, thy account of wealth thou mad'ſt ſo ſmall,
Thou had'ſt not any queſtion of't at all;
But hating much that peaſant-like condition,
Did'ſt ſeeme diſpleas'd I held it in ſuſpition,
Whereby I thinke, if nothing elſe do thwart vs,
It cannot be the want of that will part vs.
Yea, I do rather doubt indeed, that this
The needleſſe feare of friends diſpleaſure is;
That is the barre that ſtops out my delight,
And all my hope and ioy confoundeth quite.
But beares there any in thy heart ſuch ſway
To ſhut me thence, and wipe thy loue away?
Can there be any friend that hath the power,
To diſvnite hearts ſo conioyn'd as our?
E're I would haue ſo done by thee; I'de rather
Haue parted with one deerer then my father.
For though the will of our Creator binds
Each child to learne and know his parents minds,
Yet ſure I am, ſo iuſt a *Deity*
Commandeth nothing againſt *Piety*.

Nor

Nor doth that band of duty giue them leaue,
To violate their faith, or to deceiue.
And though that *Parents* haue authority,
To rule their children in minority;
Yet they are neuer granted such power on them,
That will allow to tyrannize vpon them,
Or vse them vnder their command so ill,
To force them, without reason, to their will.
For who hath read in all the sacred writ,
Of any one compel'd to marriage (yet?)
Or father so vnkind (thereto requir'd)
Deny'd his *Child* the match that he desir'd,
So that be found the lawes did not forbid it?
I thinke those gentler ages no men did it.
In those dayes therefore for them to haue bin
Contracted without licence, had been sin;
Since there was more good *Nature* among men,
And euery one more truly louing then.
But now (although we stand obliged still
To labour for their liking, and good will)
There is no duty whereby they may tie vs
From ought which without reason they deny vs:
For I do thinke, it is not onely meant,
Children should aske, but *Parents* should consent:
And that they erre, their duty as much breaking,
For not consenting, as we not for speaking.

Fidelia.

„ It is no maruaile many matches be
„ Concluded now without their priuitie;
„ Since they, through greedy *Auarice* miſled,
„ Their intereſt in that haue forfeited.
For theſe reſpectleſſe of all care, do marry
Hot youthfull *May* to cold old *Ianuary*.
Theſe for ſome greedy end doe baſely tie
The ſweeteſt faire to foule deformitie.
Forcing a loue from where 'twas placed late,
To re-ingraffe it where it turnes to hate.
It ſeemes no cauſe of hindrance in their eyes,
Though manners nor affections ſympathize.
And two Religions by their rules of ſtate,
They may in one made body tolerate,
As if they did deſire that double ſtemme,
Should fruitfull beare but *Neuters* like to them.
Alas, how many numbers of both kindes
By that haue euer diſcontented mindes!
And liue (though ſeeming vnto others well)
In the next torments vnto thoſe of hell.
How many deſprate growne by this their ſinne,
Haue both vndone themſelues and all their kinne?
Many a one we ſee it makes to fall
With the too-late: repenting *Prodigall*.
Thouſands, though elſe by nature gentler giuen,
To act the horridſt murthers oft are driuen.

And

And which is worſe, there's many a careleſſe elfe,
(Vnleſſe heauen pitty) kils and damnes himſelfe.
Oh what hard heart, or what vnpittying eyes,
Could hold from teares to ſee thoſe Tragedies,
Parents by their neglect in this, haue hurld
Vpon the ſtage of this reſpectleſſe world?
Tis not one *Man*, one *Family* one *Kinne*,
No nor one *Country* that ha.h ruind bin
By ſuch their *Folly*, which the cauſe hath prou'd,
That forraine oft, and ciuill warres were mou'd
By ſuch beginnings many a Citty lies
Now in the duſt, whoſe *Turrets* brau'd the skies:
And diuers *Monarkes* by ſuch fortunes croſt,
Haue ſeene their Kingdomes fir'd, & ſpoil'd and loſt.
Yet all this while, thou ſeeſt, I mention not
The ruine, ſhame, and chaſtity hath got;
For 'tis a taske too infinite to tell
How many thouſands that would haue done well,
Do by the meanes of this, ſuffer deſires
To kindle in their hearts vnlawfull fires:
Nay, ſome in whoſe cold breaſt ne're flame had biſt
Haue onely for meere vengeance falne to ſin.
My ſelfe haue ſeene, and my heart bled to ſee't,
A witleſſe Clowne enioy a match vnmeet.
Shee was a Laſſe that had a looke to moue
The heart of cold *Diogenes* to loue:

Her

Her eye was such, whose every glaunce did know
To kindle flames vpon the hils of snow;
And by her powerfull peircings could imprint,
Or sparkle fire into a heart of flint:
And yet, vnlesse I much deceiued be,
In very thought did hate immodestie:
And (had she enioyd the man she could haue lou'd)
Might, to this day, haue liued vnreprou'd:
But being forc'd, perforce, by seeming friends,
With her consent, she her contentment ends.
In that compel'd, her selfe to him she gaue,
Whose bed, she rather could haue wisht her graue,
And since, I heare, what I much feare is true,
That she hath bidden shame and fame adiew.
Such are the causes now that *Parents* quite
Are put beside much of their ancient right:
There feare of this, makes children to with-hold
From giuing them those dues which else they wold:
And these thou see'st are the too fruitfull ils,
Which daily spring from their vnbridled wils.
Yet they, forsooth, will haue it vnderstood,
That all their study, is their childrens good.
A seeming *Loue* shall couer all they do:
When, if the matter were well look't into,
Their carefull reach is chiefly to fulfill
Their owne foule, greedy, and insatiate will:

Who

Who quite forgetting they were euer yongs;
Wold haue their children dote with them on dung.
Grant, betwixt two, there be true loue, content,
Birth not mis-seeming, wealth sufficient,
Equality in yeares, an honest fame,
In euery side the person without blame,
And they obedient too: What can you gather
Of Loue, or of Affection, in that father,
That but a little to augment his treasure,
(Perhaps, no more but one by for his pleasure:)
Shall force his child no one he doth abhor,
From her he loues, and lustly seeketh for,
Compelling him, (for such mis-fortune griev'd)
To die with care, that might with ioy haue liu'd?
This you may say is *Loue*, and sweare as well,
There's paines in *Heauen*, and delights in *Hell*,
Or that the Deuils fury and austerity,
Proceedeth out of his care of our prosperity.
Would *Parents* (in this age) haue vs begin
To take by their eyes; our affections in)
Or do they thinke we beare them in our fist,
That we may still remoue them as they list?
It is impossible it should be thus,
For we are rul'd by *Loue*, not Loue by vs;
And so our power so much ne're reacheth to,
To know where we shall loue, vntill we do.

And

And when it comes, hide it a while we may,
But 'tis not in our strengths to driue't away.
Either mine owne eye should my chuser be,
Or I would ne're weare *Hymens* Liuery.
For who is he so neare my heart doth rest,
To know what 'tis, that mine approueth best:
I haue my selfe beheld those men, whose frame,
And outward personages had nought of blame,
They had (what might their good proportion grace)
The much more moouing part, a comely face,
With many of those complements, which wee,
In common men, of the best breeding see.
They had discourse, and wit enough to carry
Themselues in fashion, at an *Ordinary*;
Gallants they were, lou'd company and sport,
Wore fauours, and had *Mistresses* in Court:
And euery way were such that now might seeme
Worthy of note, respect, and such esteeme,
Yet hath my eye more cause of liking seene,
Where nought perhaps by some hath noted beene:
And I haue there found more content, by farre,
Where some of these perfections wanting are;
Yea so much, that their beauties were a blot
To them (me-thought) because he had them not.
There some peculiar thing innated is,
That beares an vncontrouled sway in this;

And

And nothing but it ſelfe knowes how to fit
The minde with that which beſt ſhall ſuit with it.
Then why ſhould *Parents* thruſt themſelues into
What they want warrant for, and power to do?
How is it they are ſo forgetfull growne,
Of thoſe conditions, that were once their owne?
Do they ſo dote amidſt their wits perfection,
To thinke that age and youth hath like affection!
(When they do ſee 'mong thoſe of equall yeares,
One hateth what another moſt endeares.)
Or do they thinke their wiſdomes can inuent
A thing to giue, that's greater then Content?
No, neither ſhall they wrap vs in ſuch blindneſſe,
To make vs thinke the ſpight they do a kindneſſe.
For as I would aduiſe no child to ſtray
From the leaſt duty that he ought to pay:
So would I alſo haue him wiſely know,
How much that duty is which he doth owe:
That knowing what doth vnto both belong,
He may do them their right, himſelfe no wrong,
For if my *Parents* him I loath ſhould chuſe,
'Tis lawfull, yea my duty to refuſe:
Elſe, how ſhall I lead ſo vpright a life,
As is enioyned to the *Man* and *Wife*?
Since that we ſee ſometime there are repentings,
Eu'n where there are the moſt, & beſt contentings.

What,

Fidelia.

What, though that by our *Parents* firſt we liue,
Is not life, miſery enough to giue;
Which at their births the children doth vndo,
Vnleſſe they adde ſome other miſchiefe to?
Cauſe they gaue being to this fleſh of our,
Muſt we be therefore ſlaues vnto their power?
We ne're deſir'd it, for how could we tell,
Not being, but that not to be was well:
Nor know they whom they profit by it, ſeeing
Happy were ſome, if they had had no being.
Indeed, had they produc'd vs without ſin,
Had all our duty to haue pleas'd them bin:
Of the next life, could they aſſure the ſtate,
And both beget vs and regenerate;
There were no reaſon then we ſhould withſtand
To vndergoe their tyranou'ſt command:
In hope that either for our hard endurance,
We ſhould, at laſt, haue comfort in aſſurance:
Or if in our endeuours we miſ-ſped,
At leaſt feele nothing when we ſhould be dead.
But what's the *Reaſon* for't that we ſhall be
Inthral'd ſo much vnto Mortality?
Our ſoules on will of any *Men* to tye
Vnto an euerlaſting miſery.
So farre, perhaps too, from the good of either,
We ruine them, our ſelues, and all together.

Children

Children owe much, I must confesse, 'tis true,
And a great debt is to the *Parents* due:
Yet if they haue not so much power to craue
But in their owne defence the liues they gaue:
How much lesse then, should they become so cruell
As to take from them the high prised Iewell
Of liberty in choice, whereon depends
The maine contentment that the heauen here lends;
Worth life or wealth, nay far more worth then either,
Or twenty thousand liues put all together.
Then howsoeuer some, seuerer bent,
May deeme of my opinion, or intent,
With that which followes thus conclude I do:
(And I haue Reason for't, and Conscience too)
No Parent may his Childs iust suite deny
On his bare will, without a reason why:
Nor be so vs'd, be disobedient thought,
If vnapprou'd he take the match he sought.
So then if that thy faith vncrazed be,
Thy friends dislike shall be no stop to me:
For if their will be not of force to do it,
They shall haue no cause else to driue them to it.
Let them bring all forth that they can alledge,
We are both yong, and of the fittest age,
If thou dissemblest not, both loue, and both
To admit hindrance in our loues were loth.

'Tis

Fidelia.

'Tis preiudiciall vnto none that liues,
And Gods, and humane Law our warrant giues,
Nor are we much vnequall in degree,
Perhaps our *Fortunes* somewhat different be,
But say that little meanes, which is, were not,
The want of wealth may not dissolue this knot.
For though some such preposterous courses wend,
Prescribing to themselues no other end;
Marr'age was not ordain'd t' enrich men by,
Vnlesse it were in their posterity.
And he that doth for other causes wed,
Ner'e knowes the true sweetes of a marriage bed:
Nor shall he by my will; for 'tis vnfit
He should haue blisse that neuer aym'd at it.
Though that bewitching gold the *Rable* blinds,
And is the object of the *Vulgar* minds:
Yet those me thinkes that graced seeme to bee,
With so much good as doth appeare in thee,
Should scorne, their better-taught desires to tye
To that, which fooles do get their honour by.
I can like of the wealth I must confesse,
Yet more I prize the man, though mony lesse.
I am not of their humour yet, that can,
For Title, or Estate, affect a *Man*;
Or of my selfe, one body deigne to make
With him I loath, for his possessions sake.

Nor

Nor with I euer to haue that minde bred
In me, that is in those; who, when they wed,
Thinke it enough they do attaine the grace,
Of some new honour, to fare well, take place,
Weare costly clothes, in others sights agree,
Or happy in opinion seeme to bee.
I weigh not this: for were I sute before
Of *Spencers* wealth, or our rich *Suttons* store
Had I therewith a man, whom *Nature* lent
Person enough to giue the eye content:
If I no outward due, nor right did want,
Which the best husbands in appearance grant:
Nay, though alone we had no priuate iarres,
But merry liu'd from all domestick cares;
Vnlesse I thought his *Nature* so incline,
That it might also sympathize with mine,
(And yeeld such correspondence with my mind,
Our soules might mutually contentment find,
By adding vnto these which went before,
Some certaine vnexpressed pleasures more,
Such as exceed the streight and curb'd dimensions
Of common minds, and vulgar apprehensions)
I would not care for such a match, but tarry
In this estate I am, and neuer marry
Such were the sweetes I hop'd to haue possest,
When *Fortune* should with thee haue made me blest.

My

My heart could hardly thinke of that content
To apprehend it without rauiſhment.
Each word of thine (me-thought) was to my eares
More pleaſing then that muſick, which the *Spheares*
(They ſay) do make the Gods, when in their chime,
Their motions *Diapaſon* with the time.
In my conceit, the opening of thy eye,
Seem'd to giue light to euery obiect by,
And ſhed a kind of life vnto my ſhew,
In euery thing that was within it view.
More ioy I'ue felt to haue thee but in place,
Then many doe in the moſt cloſe embrace
Of their beloved'ſt friend, which well doth proue,
Not to thy body onely tends my loue.
But mounting a true height, growes ſo diuine,
It makes my ſoule to fall in loue with thine.
And ſure now whatſoe'r thy body do,
Thy ſoule loues mine, and oft they viſit too.
For late I dream'd they went I know not whither,
Vnleſſe to *Heauen*, and there play'd together;
And to this day I nere could know or ſee,
'Twixt them or vs the laſt *Antipathy*.
Then what ſhould make thee keepe thy perſon hence;
Or leaue to loue, or hold it in ſuſpence?
If to offend thee I vnwares was driuen,
Is't ſuch a fault as may not be forgiuen?

Or if by frownes of *Fate* I haue beene checkt,
So that I ſeeme not worth thy firſt reſpect,
Shall I be therefore blamed and vpbraided,
With what could not be holpen, nor auoyded?
'Tis not my fault: yet cauſe my *Fortunes* doe,
Wilt thou be ſo vnkinde to wrong me too?
Not vnto *Thine*, but thee I ſet my heart,
So nought can wipe my loue out while thou art:
Though thou wert poorer both of houſe and meate,
Then he that knowes not where to ſleepe or eate:
Though thou wert ſunke into obſcuritie,
Become an abiect in the worlds proud eye,
Though by peruerſneſſe of thy *Fortune* croſt,
Thou wert deformed, or ſome limbe had'ſt loſt,
That loue which *Admiration* firſt begot,
Pitty would ſtrengthen, that it failed not:
Yea I ſhould loue thee ſtill, and without blame,
As long as thou couldſt keepe thy minde the ſame;
Which is of *Vertues* ſo compact (I take it)
No mortall change ſhall haue the power to ſhake it.
This may, and will (I know) ſeeme ſtrange to thoſe
That cannot the *Abyſſe* of loue diſcloſe,
Nor muſt they thinke, whom but the out-ſide moues,
Euer to apprehend ſuch noble *Loues*,
Or more coniecture their vnſounded meaſure,
Then can we mortals of immortall pleaſure.

Then let not thoſe dull vnconceiuing braines,
Who ſhall hereafter come to read theſe ſtraines,
Suppoſe that no loues fire can be ſo great,
Becauſe it giues not their cold Clyme ſuch heate.
Or thinke m'inuention could haue reached here
Vnto ſuch thoughts, vnleſſe ſuch loue there were.
For then they ſhall but ſhew their knowledge weake,
And iniure me, that feele of what I ſpeake.
But now my lines grow tedious, like my wrong,
And as I thought that, thou thinkſt this too long.
Or ſome may deeme, I thruſt my ſelfe into
More then beſeemth modeſtie to doe.
But of the difference I am not vnwitting,
Betwixt a peeuiſh coynes, and things vnfitting:
Nothing reſpect I, who pries ore my dooing:
For here's no vaine allurements, nor fond wooing,
To traine ſome wanton ſtranger to my lure;
But with a thought that's honeſt, chaſt, and pure,
I make my cauſe vnto thy conſcience knowne,
Suing for that which is by right my owne.
In which complaint, if thou do hap to finde
Any ſuch word, as ſeemes to be vnkinde:
Miſtake me not, it but from *Paſſion* ſprung,
And not from an intent to do thee wrong.
Or if among theſe doubts my ſad thoughts breed,
Some (peraduenture) may be more then need.

Fidelia.

They are to let thee know, might we diſpute,
There's no obiections but I could refute;
And ſpight of *Enuy* ſuch defences make,
Thou ſhouldſt embrace that loue thou doſt forſake.
Then do not (oh forgetfull man) now deeme,
That 'tis ought leſſe then I haue made it ſeeme.
Or that I am vnto this *Paſſion* mou'd,
Becauſe I cannot elſe-where be belou'd:
Or that it is thy ſtate, whoſe greatneſſe knowne,
Makes me become a ſuitor for my owne:
Suppoſe not ſo; for know this day there be
Some that wooe hard for what I offer thee:
And I haue euer yet contented bin
With that eſtate I firſt was placed in.
Baniſh thoſe thoughts, and turne thee to my heart,
Come once againe, and be what once thou wert.
Reuiue me by thoſe wonted ioyes repairing,
That am nigh dead with ſorrowes and deſpairing.
So ſhall the memory of this annoy,
But adde more ſweetneſſe to my future Ioy;
Yea make me thinke thou meantſt not to deny me,
But onely wert eſtranged thus, to try me.
And laſtly, for that loues ſake thou once bar'ſt me,
By that right hand thou gau'ſt, that oath thou ſwar'ſt
By all the *Paſſions*, and (if any be) (me,
For her deere ſake that makes thee iniure me;

Here

Fidelia.

I here coniure thee ; no ; intreate and ſue,
That if theſe lines do ouer-reach thy view,
Thou wouldſt affoord me ſo much fauour for them,
As to accept, or at leaſt not abhorre them.
So though thou wholy cloake not thy diſdaine,
I ſhall haue ſomewhat the leſſe cauſe to plaine:
Or if thou needs muſt ſcoffe at this, or me,
Do't by thy ſelfe, that none may witneſſe be.
Not that I feare 'twill bring me any blame,
Onely I'me loth the world ſhould know thy ſhame.
For all that ſhall this plaint with reaſon view,
Will iudge me faithfull, and thee moſt vntrue.
But if *Oblivion*, that thy loue bereft,
Hath not ſo much good nature in thee left,
But that thou muſt, as moſt of you men doe,
When you haue conquer'd, tyranize it too:
Know this before, that it is praiſe to no man,
To wrong ſo fraile a *Creature* as a woman,
And to inſult or'e one, ſo much made thine,
Will more be thy diſparagement then mine.
But oh (I pray that it portend no harme,)
A chearing heate my chilled ſenſes warmes:
Iuſt now I flaſhing feele into my breſt,
A ſudden comfort, not to be expreſt;

Which to my thinking, doth againe begin,
To warme my heart, to let some hope come in,
It tels me, 'tis impossible that thou
Shouldst liue not to be mine; It whispers how
My former feares and doubts haue beene in vaine,
And that thou mean'st yet to returne againe.
It sayes thy absence from some cause did grow,
Which, or I should not, or I could not know.
It telles me now, that all those proofes, whereby
I seem'd assur'd of thy disloyalty,
May be but treacherous plots of some base foes,
That in thy absence sought our ouer-throwes.
Which if it proue; as yet me thinkes it may,
Oh! what a burthen shall I cast away?
What cares shall I lay by? and to what height
Towre in my new ascension to delight?
Sure er'e the full of it I come to try,
I shall eu'n surfeit in my ioy, and dye.
But such a losse might well be cal'd a thriving
Since more is got by dying so, then living.
Come kill me then, my deare, if thou thinke fit,
With that which never killed woman yet:
Or write to me before, so shalt thou giue
Content more moderate that I may liue:

And when I ſee my ſtaffe of truſt vnbroken,
I will vnſpeake againe what is miſ-ſpoken.
What I haue written in diſpraiſe of *Men*,
I will recant, and praiſe as much agen;
In recompence Ile adde vnto their Stories,
Encomiaſtick lines to ymp their glories.
And for thoſe wrongs my loue to thee hath done,
Both I and it vnto thy *Putty* runne:
In whom, if the leaſt guilt thou finde to be,
For euer let thy armes impriſon me.
Meane while I'le try if miſery will ſpare
Me ſo much reſpite, to take truce with care,
And patiently await the doubtfull doome,
Which I expect from thee ſhould ſhortly come;
Much longing that I one way may be ſped,
And not ſtill linger 'twixt aliue and dead.
For I can neither liue yet as I ſhould,
Becauſe I leaſt enioy of that I would;
Nor quiet dye, becauſe (indeed) I firſt
Would ſee ſome better dayes, or know the worſt.
Then haſten *Deare*, if to my end it be,
It ſhall be welcome, cauſe it comes from thee.
If to renew my *Comfort* ought be ſent,
Let me not looſe a minute of *Content*.

Fidelia.

The pretious *Time* is short, and will away;
Let vs enioy each other while we may.
Cares thriue, *Age* creepeth on, *Men* are but shades,
Ioyes leſſen, *Youth* decayes, and *Beauty* fades:
New turnes come on, the old returneth neuer
If we let our go paſt, 'tis paſt for euer.

In

Inter Equitand: Palinod.

MY *Genius* ſay what *Thoughts* theſe pantings moue?
Thy *Thoughts* of *Loue.*
What *Flames* are theſe that ſet my heart on fire?
Flames of *Deſire.*
What are the *Meanes* that theſe two vnderprop?
Thy earneſt *Hope.*
Then yet I'me happy in my ſweete *Friends* choyce;
For they in depth of *Paſſion* may reioyce,
Whoſe *Thoughts* and *Flames* & *Meanes* haue ſuch bleſt ſcope,
They may at once both *Loue*, *Deſire*, and *Hope.*

But tell what *Fruite* at laſt my *Loue* ſhall gaine?
Hidden *Diſdaine.*
What wil that *Hope* proue which yet *Faith* keeps faire?
Hopeleſſe *Deſpaire.*
What *End* will runne my *Paſſions* out of breath?
Vntimely *Death.*
Oh me! that *Paſſion* ioyn'd with *Faith* and *Loue.*
Should with my *Fortunes* ſo vngracious proue,
That *ſhe'le* no *fruite*, nor *Hope*, nor *End* bequeath,
But cruelleſt *Diſdaine*, *Deſpaire*, and *Death.*

Then

Then what new *Study* shall I now apply?
Study to *Dye*.
How might I end my *Care*, and die content?
Care to *Repent*.
And what good *thoughts* may make my *end* more holy?
Thinke on thy *Folly*.
Well, so I will, and since my *Fate* may giue
Nothing but discontents whilst here I liue.
My *Studies*, *Cares*, and *Thoughts* Ile all apply
To weigh my *Folly* well, *Repent*, and *Dye*.

FINIS.

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